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The Still Hand

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THE STILL HAND

Among the wood shavings
And the bleached picture frames,
We lie folded into each other
Like the rings around the fingers
Of a still hand.

Light shimmers through us
Like tin fish and silver cans
Caught in a current and
Does not tell us where it begins . . .

Mistakes of the sunlight,
Some rare incandescence,
A synapse in the eyes.

The clouds roll open like a cold
Muscle. There are thorns
In my bed and the tangled vines
Of shadows fence the windows.

If we leave now, there will be
No echo behind us. Just a rush
Of blue darkness like a river
Pouring its guts into the sea

And midnight resounding
Like an empty pair of shoes
Walking away.